

DOCTOR • WHO

# THE SNAG FINDERS

PART TWO

PREVIOUSLY... THE DOCTOR, STILL TRAVELLING ALONE, HAS MADE FRIENDS WITH JIMMY AND HIS ROBOT PAL BERT X-5, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS ON A HUGE SPACE STATION ORBITING PLANET EARTH.

TOGETHER, THEY HAVE DISCOVERED THE KLYTODE, AN ALIEN BEING GUARDED BY ARMED ANDROIDS, HIDDEN IN THE DEPTHS OF THE STATION.

THIS IS A COBALT BOMB - THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM. IT IS PRIMED FOR DETONATION. THE EXPLOSION WILL BLAST THIS SPACE STATION OUT OF ORBIT!

AND SEND IT CRASHING INTO THE EARTH!

SORRY - CAN'T SAY I APPROVE!

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE  
Art JOHN ROSS  
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK  
Letters PAUL VYSE

YOU'RE BONKERS, MATE - THE BLAST WOULD KILL YOU TOO!

ACTUALLY, I DON'T THINK THE KLYTODE'S WORRIED ABOUT THAT.

HE MAY NOT BE WORRIED ABOUT IT...

...BUT I AM!

GIVE THAT BACK!

GOT IT! AND NOW I'VE GOT YOU, JIMMY!

GRAB HOLD, DOC! YOU'RE GOIN' MY WAY TOO!

GOTCHA!

GOIN' UP!

BUT NOT FOR LONG - YOUR ANTIGRAVS ARE OVERLOADED!





MADE IT! WELL DONE, BERT! THEY DON'T BUILD **TECHNOMATICS** LIKE THAT ANYMORE!

THANK GOODNESS!

WATCH IT, CHUM - YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE **MALFUNCTION**, REMEMBER.



YIKES! I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THOSE **ANDROIDS**!

ELIMINATE THE **HUMANOIDS**!

THIS WAY! INTO THE **SCAFFOLDING**!



STOP AT NOTHING!

WE MUST RECOVER THE **COBALT BOMB**.



IT **WORKED**! THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TEAR HALF THE STATION APART TO CATCH UP!

THEY WILL IF THEY HAVE TO. THE **KLYTODE** WANTS HIS **COBALT BOMB** BACK.



IF THAT THING'S AS **DANGEROUS** AS IT SOUNDS, WE SHOULD INFORM THE **AUTHORITIES**.

YOU'RE RIGHT. CAN YOU GET A **SIGNAL**, BERT?

NOTHING - WE'RE TOO DEEP INSIDE THE **STATION**.



THEN WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE FOR THE **UPPER LEVELS**. COME ON!

I'M NOT NORMALLY ONE TO **GRUMBLE**...

HUH!

...BUT I HAPPEN TO BE CARRYING A **PRIMED COBALT BOMB**. IS EVERYONE **COMFORTABLE** WITH THIS?



DON'T WORRY, IT'S *HARMLESS* FOR NOW. *COBALT-725* IS DETONATED BY *LOW FREQUENCY DELTA-WAVES*. THE *KLYTODE* CAN'T ACTIVATE IT AT THIS RANGE.

IS THAT A *FACT*, OR JUST *BLIND OPTIMISM*?

NOTHING WRONG WITH A BIT OF *BOTH*!

AH, AT LAST! FRESH AIR! BERT, SEE IF YOU CAN GET A *SIGNAL* UP HERE.

HEY, THIS IS THE *EXECUTIVE LEVEL*. FULL ATMOSPHERE AND A-GRADE SANITARY FACILITIES.

AND THE HULL IS *SELF-SEALING* TOO - ALL MODS CONS!

BERT - I JUST WANTED TO SAY...

...I'M *SORRY* FOR MESSING THINGS UP. I GUESS IT'S *MY FAULT* WE'RE IN THIS FIX.

HEY, *FORGET* IT, MATE. LOOK AROUND YOU - WE'RE *BACK* ON THE *EXEC LEVELS*, AIN'T WE?



HUMANOID APPREHENDED!

HEY! WATCH IT, THIS SPACESUIT'S MADE TO MEASURE!

OH NO! THEY MUST HAVE TAKEN A SHORT CUT!



I'D LIKE MY *COBALT BOMB* BACK.

AND I'D LIKE MY *BUILDER'S UPGRADE*, MATE. BUT WE CAN'T ALWAYS HAVE WHAT WE *WANT*.





NEVERTHELESS  
- THIS IS *MINE*.

'URGGG!

YOU'RE *MAD*, YOU ARE! WHAT  
DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?  
YOU'LL BLOW *YOURSELF*  
TO BITS WITH THAT THING,  
NEVER MIND *US*.

THE KLYTODE'S ONLY  
TOO *WILLING* TO MAKE  
THAT SACRIFICE, JIMMY  
- AFTER ALL, THERE'S  
PLENTY OF *OTHER*  
KLYTODES WHERE *HE*  
CAME FROM...

...AND THEY  
ALL SHARE THE  
*SAME MIND*.

IT'S A *GESTALT*  
BEING: ONE POWERFUL  
MIND WITH MANY  
BODIES. EACH KLYTODE  
SHARES THE THOUGHTS  
AND AMBITION OF THE  
*MASTER CREATURE*.



SOON I WILL *DESTROY*  
THIS STATION. THE  
WRECKAGE WILL *CRASH*  
INTO THE PLANET  
BELOW...

OI, THAT PLANET'S  
GOT A NAME,  
Y'KNOW!

...CAUSING A  
*CATASTROPHIC*  
CHANGE IN  
CLIMATE.



"THE EARTH WILL  
BE *REBORN*  
AS A *KLYTODE*  
*PARADISE!*"

"MY *BRETHREN* WILL ARRIVE  
IN FORCE AND INHABIT YOUR  
WORLD UNTIL IT IS NO  
*LONGER VIABLE.*"

YOU'LL KILL  
*EVERYONE* AND  
*EVERYTHING* - JUST  
SO YOU CAN TAKE  
WHAT ISN'T YOURS!  
YOU *MONSTER!*

WHAT HAPPENED  
TO YOUR  
OWN WORLD,  
KLYTODE?

*EXHAUSTED* - A DARK  
HUSK OF MATTER ON THE  
EDGE OF THE AKTREN  
GALAXY. THE ULTIMATE  
*FATE* OF ANY WORLD THE  
KLYTODE INHABITS.





SOUNDS LOVELY - BUT  
I WON'T ALLOW THAT  
TO HAPPEN TO EARTH.  
AND NEITHER WILL MY  
FRIENDS.

TOO RIGHT.



TOO LATE.

ALL THAT REMAINS IS  
FOR ME TO SEND THE  
DELTA-WAVE SIGNAL  
THAT WILL DETONATE  
THE COBALT BOMB.



IT'S NEVER  
TOO LATE.



YOU'VE JUST  
HIT A SNAG  
IN YOUR PLAN,  
KLYTODE!



NOW, BERT!  
UNAUTHORISED  
FREQUENCY!

VREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!



I'M ON IT,  
DOC!

GZZZZZZRRR!

GZZZZZZZZZZZZRRRR!

I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF THAT, THANK  
YOU VERY MUCH.





MOVE OUT OF THE WAY, YOU DOLTS!

GZZRKK!

BERT'S TRANSMITTING A JAMMING SIGNAL ON THE ANDROIDS' UNAUTHORISED WAVELENGTH. I THOUGHT THAT IF THEY CAN INTERFERE WITH HIS CONTROL UNIT, THEN HE CAN DO THE SAME TO THEM!

WHAT'S GOING ON?



WH - WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?

WE HAVE TO GET THIS BOMB AS FAR AWAY FROM HERE AS POSSIBLE BEFORE THE KLYTODE RECOVERS. HE CAN'T DETONATE IT IF IT'S OUT OF RANGE.

YOU CAN USE YOUR BIONIC RIVET CANNON TO SHOOT IT INTO SPACE.

BUT I TOLD YOU, DOC. THE RECOIL CIRCUIT'S BUST. IT'S USELESS!

WHATEVER YOU NEED TO DO, DOC - DO IT QUICK!

VREEEEE!

VREEEEE!

GET READY!



NOW!

KBLAM!

WHOOOOOSH!

I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT!

THE OLD TEAM, BERT - EXECUTIVE WASTE ENGINEERS! NO BLOCKAGE TOO BIG!

IT'S A DIRTY JOB, BUT SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO IT!

OH, YEAH!

BAH!



LATER...

THE KLYTODE'S BEEN ARRESTED, DOC. HE'S ON A ONE-WAY TRIP BACK TO THE AKTREN GALAXY.

I DON'T THINK IT'LL BOTHER EARTH AGAIN.

THAT'S ONE ALIEN INVASION GONE RIGHT DOWN THE PAN!

JOIN THE DOCTOR AND MARTHA FOR AN AMAZING NEW ADVENTURE NEXT ISSUE!